MARVEL

THE ULTIMATES

13

ULTIMATES

3.0

CAMP | FRIGERI | BLEE

JUN. 2025 | RATED T+

Dear Dad...
--dead, all twelve of them. Just *kids*.
Has it really been a year?
Someone had drained their *blood*--
Tony? Hello? You asked for this debrief on the *Buenos Aires* mission.
Huh? Oh, Janet. We're on... the *Triskelion*...? I didn't hear the teleporter--
I reduced my size and mass to save energy. Like you asked, remember?
It feels much longer.

Um. Sorry, I'm sort of all over the place right now.
When was the last time you ate or slept?
Don't remember. Too much to do.
I died, Dad. I died.
And then I came back.
Don't you think you might be...spreading yourself a little thin, Tony?
Aren't we all?
I'm all right. Really. Thanks.
It took dying to get it, but I do. I get it now--
All right, well, I'm going to crash for a few hours. Hank's night terrors are back, and I need some solid rest.
Uh-huh.
ULTIMATES V.3.0
--fixing the world is easier said than done.
ULTIMATES V.3.0

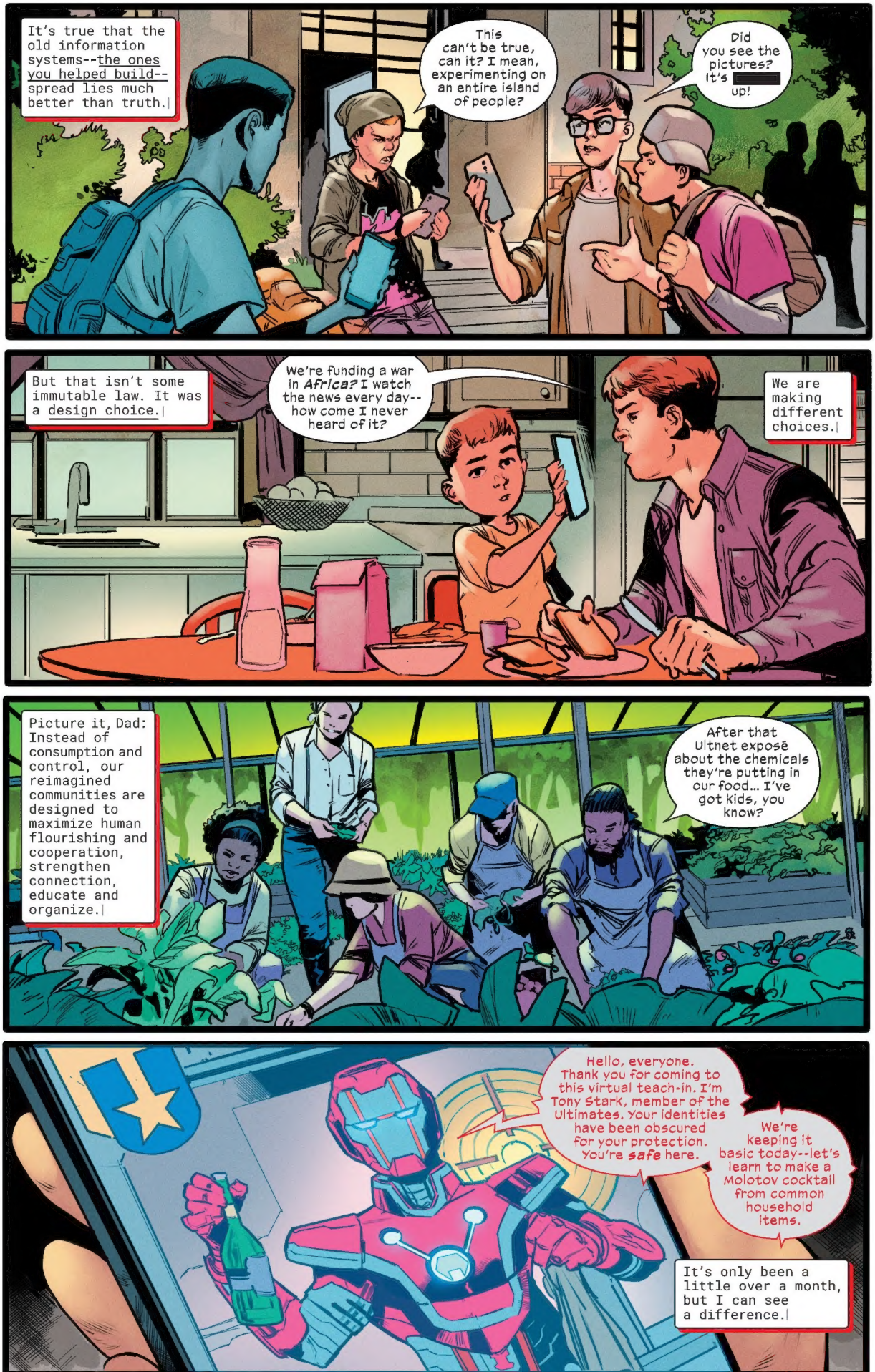
But third time lucky.
This is it!
"Failure is what comes before success," right?
What I realized-- what we realized--
It said on the app they're actually going to be here, like *actually*--
--was we were still looking to the past for all our inspiration. Our symbols, our methods, even our names.
We're done with that now. We can no longer be slaves to a stolen past.
ohmygod
What was lost was lost forever.
It's really *them.*
From now on, we look to the future for inspiration.
It's wonderful to see so many new faces.

That means we have to continually define ourselves for ourselves. We have to answer the question everyone is asking:
Who are "the Ultimates"?
Terrorists!
Freedom fighters!
Heroes!
Badasses!
The Ultimates is not a team, or a league, or a corporation. The Ultimates is not just a network or an army.
You. You are the Ultimates. Every one of you.
So... they stole your future. Do you want it back?
The Ultimates is a movement.

MOUNT JOHANN.
RED SKULL STRONGHOLD.
I can hear you scoff across time and space.
You were so proudly and loudly "post-politics." My idealism was always childish to you--a phase you said I'd grow out of.
All 172 children safe and accounted for--don't hold back!
In your world, only irony could be sincere.
And look where that got us.
Where is he?! Where is the "Grand Skull"?!

Still, there are lessons to be learned from the past. Or relearned.
We surrender!
Lessons your generation forgot.
Luckily we've found some good teachers. Men of conviction. Men who know what it is to stand for and against something.
MEIN KAMPF
Your time in the Red Skulls ends here, one way or another. We will not stop until every Red Skull is dead, imprisoned or rehabilitated. This entire organization is rotten--and coming to an end.
That's not a threat, it's a fact. The skulls you wear may as well be targets. Understand?
[redacted] you!
Red Skulls till we die!
Commie race traitor!
We can't just burn their flags, raid their fortresses, confiscate their resources…
I was nobody before I came here. I don't want to die. But I don't want to be nobody again.
If I'm not a Red Skull, then what am I supposed to be?
…we have to give them something new to believe in.

We're inventing new ways to connect--to find each other, to exchange information and ideas.
We're building a new sincerity.
--Ultimates' continued attack on energy infrastructure causing massive shortages and rocketing prices. Roxxon CEO Rex Bonhurst had this to say:
You are now connected to the Ultimates Network.
Traditional media will never tell our side of the story. The Council controls all sources of information--television, newspapers, radio, the internet.
Terrorists and their insane campaign against the good people of this great union cannot be tolerated! They are costing consumers billions and disrupting the lives of millions of North Americans!
So we built our own internet.
UNCOVERED FROM COUNCIL SECRET FILES:
ROXXON AND THE DESTRUCTION OF GARDEN OF EDEN
By Phantom Reporter


It's true that the old information systems--the ones you helped build--spread lies much better than truth.
This can't be true, can it? I mean, experimenting on an entire island of people?
Did you see the pictures? It's [redacted] up!
But that isn't some immutable law. It was a design choice.
We're funding a war in *Africa?* I watch the news every day--how come I never heard of it?
We are making different choices.
Picture it, Dad: Instead of consumption and control, our reimagined communities are designed to maximize human flourishing and cooperation, strengthen connection, educate and organize.
After that Ultnet exposé about the chemicals they're putting in our food... I've got kids, you know?
Hello, everyone. Thank you for coming to this virtual teach-in. I'm Tony Stark, member of the Ultimates. Your identities have been obscured for your protection. You're *safe* here.
We're keeping it basic today--let's learn to make a Molotov cocktail from common household items.
It's only been a little over a month, but I can see a difference.

Tony. I'm ready.
Are you *sure*, Mr. Hammond?
You can take some time to think--
That's your problem, Tony. Too much thinking, not enough doing.
What we're asking--what *I'm* asking you to sacrifice...
I understand what you're asking better than *you* do, Tony. I've been here before.
This isn't complicated. It has to be done, and I'm the only one who can do it. So let's just do it.
You mean...now? But...I mean, there's no rush... Take a few days--say your goodbyes--
My *goodbyes?* Tony, I have exactly one friend left in this world...
...and we said everything we needed to a long time ago.

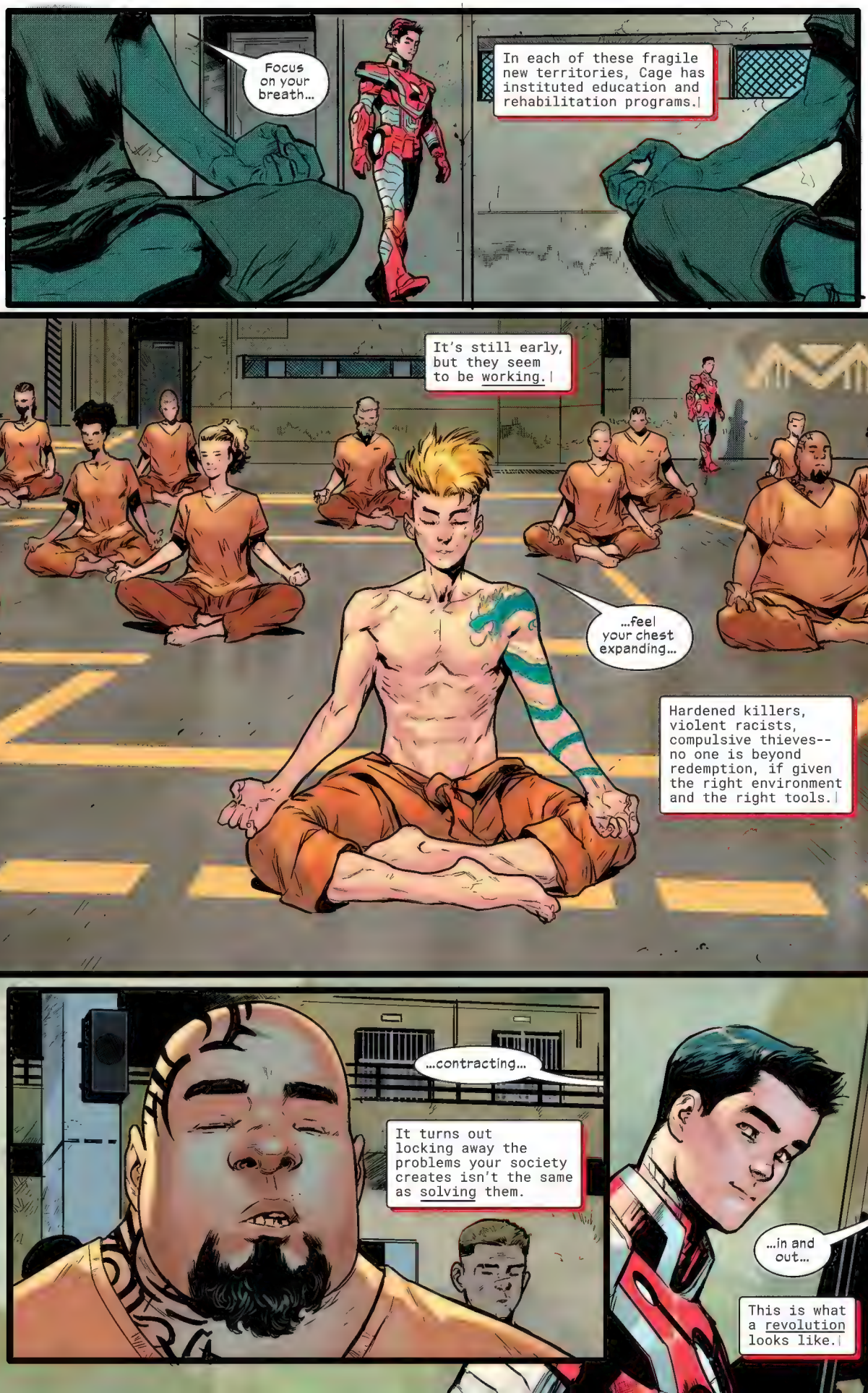
I'm ready.
Okay.
You know, while I rebuilt you, Steve kept telling me not to think of you as a machine I was working on but as a *patient.*
"In every way that mattered, Jim Hammond was the most human being I've ever known."
I see what he meant.
I'll take that as a compliment.
What should I tell the others? About where you went?
Tell them *the truth:*
I went to start the fire.
Good luck, Mr. Hammond. We're all counting on you.
Same to you, kid.
ZAAAP

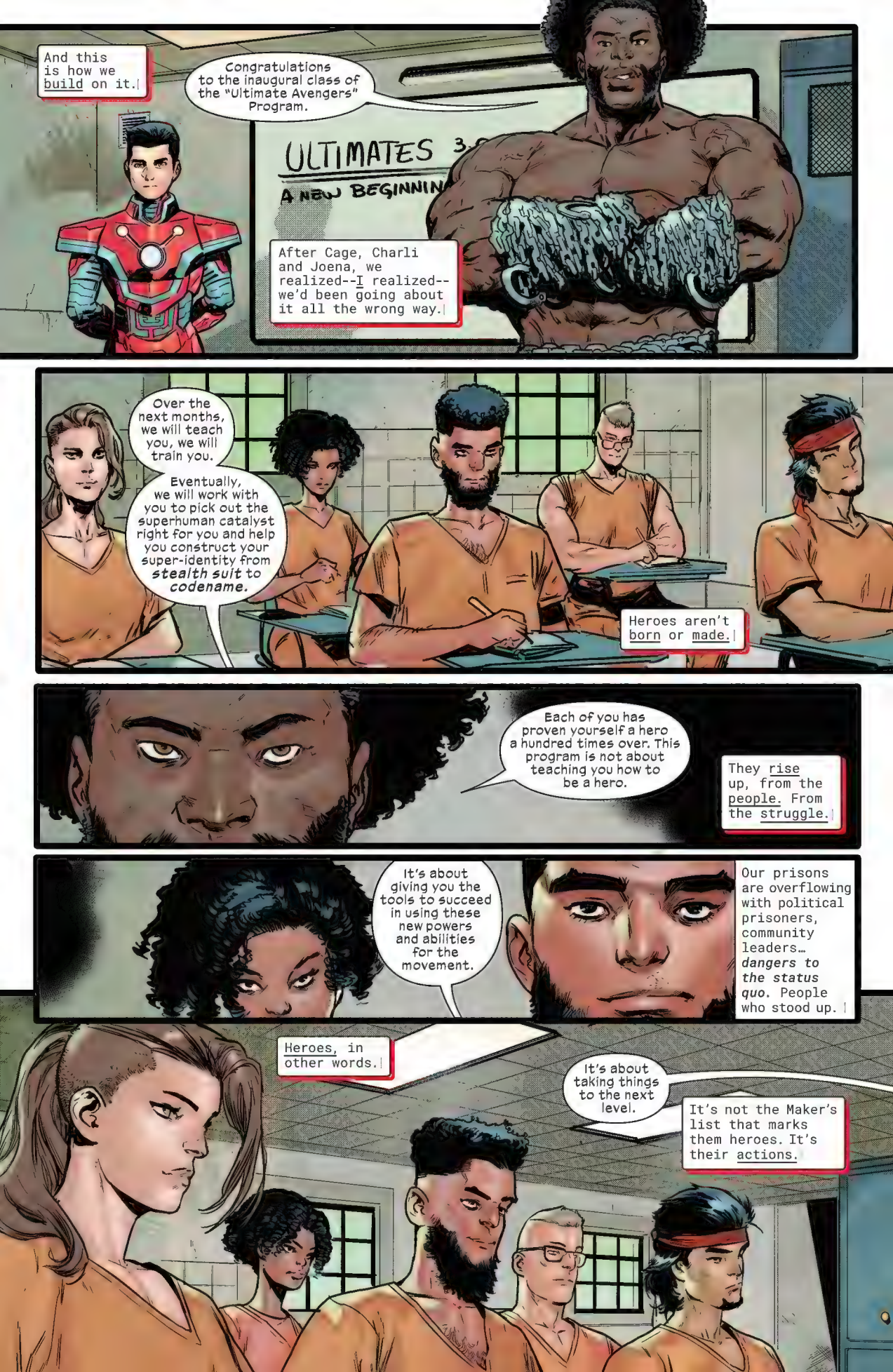
"Regiments of fanatically devoted soldiers.
"Four Immortal Weapons, rotating in and out, to deal with local megafauna.
"And an armory of advanced gamma-powered weaponry, some of the most dangerous and destructive on the planet."
But they do not *belong* here.

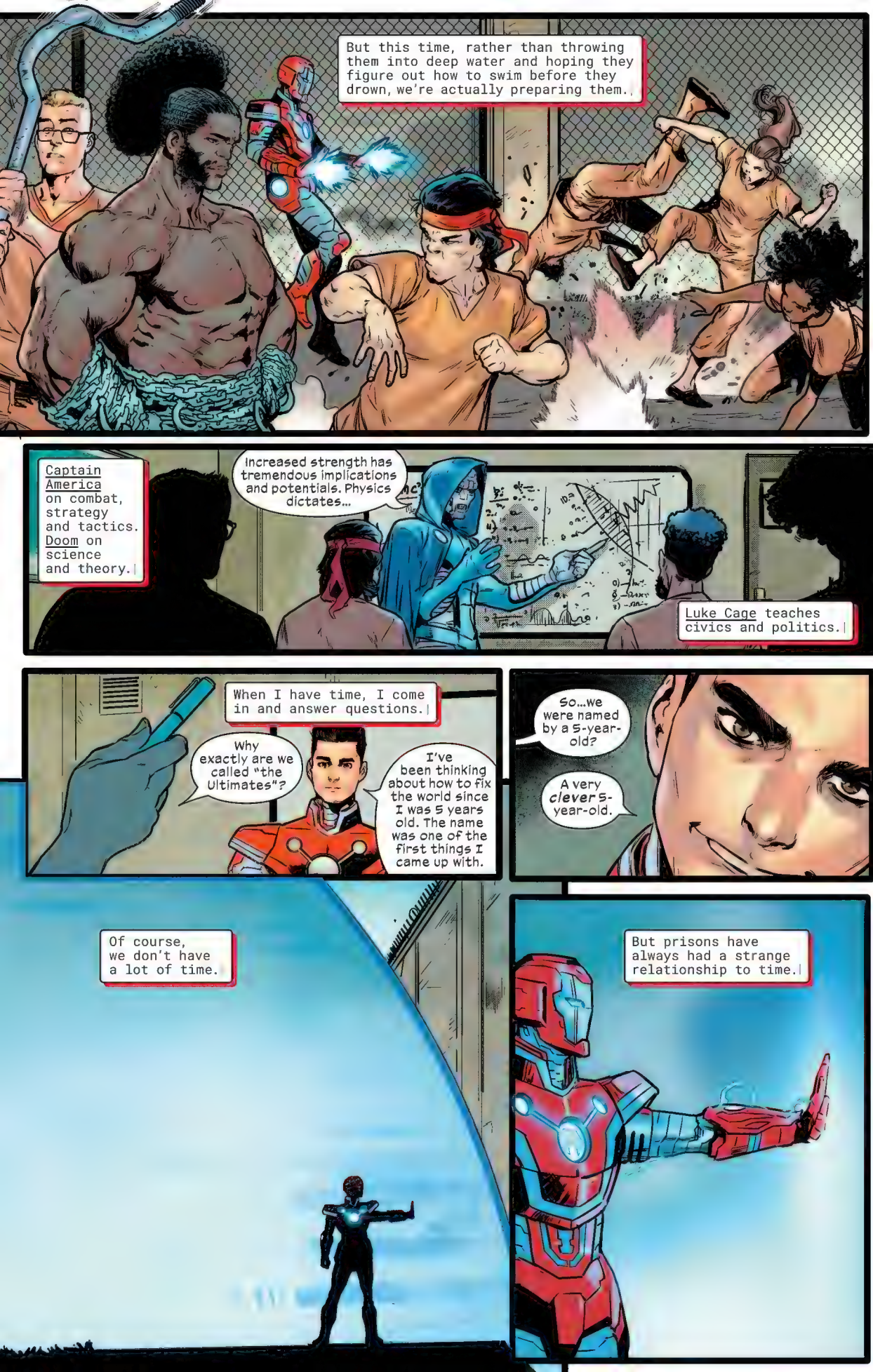
And they do not know the island as I do.
I know this is my fault. For getting you into this. You were right from the beginning. I'm so sorry. But we're going to fix it. I swear.
Rushing in was our mistake last time. This time must be different.
Absolutely.
First we observe. Then we plan. Then we prepare.
And then we take it back.
And I kill Banner with my bare hands.

I asked God for help, and God answered in a voice like thunder.
THE GODS MAKE WAR ON A SCALE YOU CANNOT IMAGINE! NINE REALMS HANG IN THE BALANCE! THE FIGHT FOR MIDGARD IS BUT A MINOR SKIRMISH!
KNEEL AND BEG ALL YOU LIKE, IRON LAD. THE GODS NO LONGER ANSWER MORTAL PRAYERS.
NOW YOU MUST ANSWER YOUR OWN.
KRAK-A-KOOOMM
God said he was busy.
The gods are kind of [redacted], Dad.

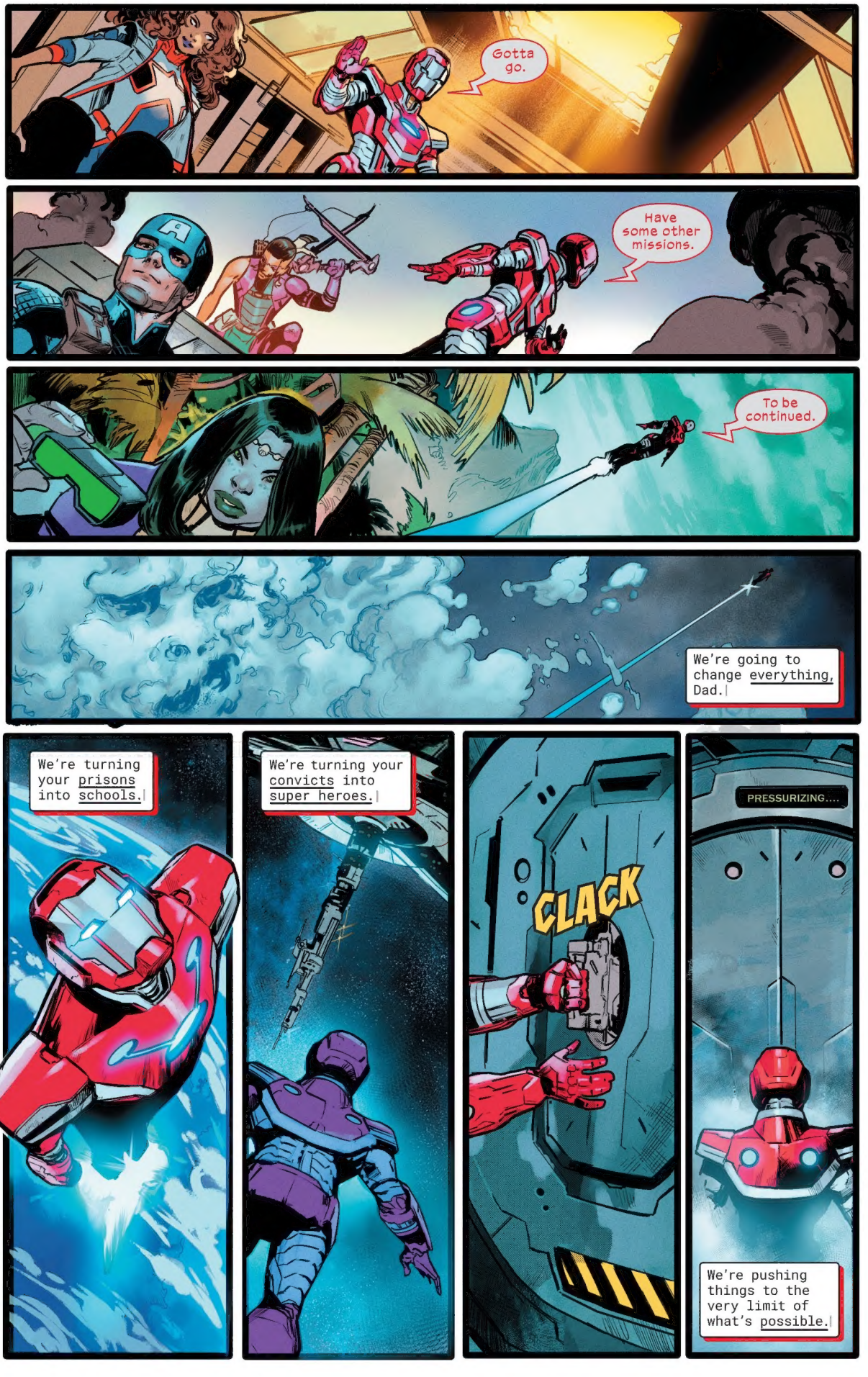
But the most important piece--the thing that could turn the tide--is this.
A man named Luke Cage has helped inspire prison uprisings all across North America.
Many have declared themselves sovereign states and have been defending themselves as such.
As the facilities were already heavily militarized and North American forces are confused and fragmented since… since your removal from the Council…
…they're actually holding their own.


Focus on your breath...
In each of these fragile new territories, Cage has instituted education and rehabilitation programs.
It's still early, but they seem to be working.
...feel your chest expanding...
Hardened killers, violent racists, compulsive thieves-- no one is beyond redemption, if given the right environment and the right tools.
...contracting...
It turns out locking away the problems your society creates isn't the same as solving them.
...in and out...
This is what a revolution looks like.


And this is how we build on it.
Congratulations to the inaugural class of the "Ultimate Avengers" Program.
ULTIMATES 3
A NEW BEGINNIN
After Cage, Charli and Joena, we realized--I realized--we'd been going about it all the wrong way.
Over the next months, we will teach you, we will train you.
Eventually, we will work with you to pick out the superhuman catalyst right for you and help you construct your super-identity from *stealth suit* to *codename.*
Heroes aren't born or made.
Each of you has proven yourself a hero a hundred times over. This program is not about teaching you how to be a hero.
They rise up, from the people. From the struggle.
It's about giving you the tools to succeed in using these new powers and abilities for the movement.
Our prisons are overflowing with political prisoners, community leaders… *dangers to the status quo.* People who stood up.
Heroes, in other words.
It's about taking things to the next level.
It's not the Maker's list that marks them heroes. It's their actions.


But this time, rather than throwing them into deep water and hoping they figure out how to swim before they drown, we're actually preparing them.
Captain America on combat, strategy and tactics. Doom on science and theory.
Increased strength has tremendous implications and potentials. Physics dictates...
Luke Cage teaches civics and politics.
When I have time, I come in and answer questions.
Why exactly are we called "the Ultimates"?
I've been thinking about how to fix the world since I was 5 years old. The name was one of the first things I came up with.
So...we were named by a 5-year-old?
A very clever 5-year-old.
Of course, we don't have a lot of time.
But prisons have always had a strange relationship to time.

Inside these walls, time passes much faster than it does in the outside world, at a ratio of about 6-to-1.
I got the idea from the Maker's City.
We have a time machine. It's time to really use it.


Gotta go.
Have some other missions.
To be continued.
We're going to change everything, Dad.
We're turning your prisons into schools.
We're turning your convicts into super heroes.
CLACK
PRESSURIZING....
We're pushing things to the very limit of what's possible.

When the City opens, if you're still alive…
…I wonder if you'll even recognize the place.
This whole
breaking oneself down
to isolated moments
isn't easy.
The mind's
easy to fragment
but damn if
it isn't effective.
Next time
I think
I'll try
nine or ten
at once.
I wonder if we'll recognize each other.
FIVE MONTHS REMAINING...

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